

## TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

Oh, why should the world seem strange,  
With its beauty round me still,  
And why should the slope of my awaried path  
Seem suddenly all uphill?

I had gone, with a buoyant step,  
So cheerily on my way;  
How could I believe so calm a light  
Could turn to so chill a gray!

And wherefore? Because the hand  
That held in its clasp my own—  
Whose touch was a benediction such  
As only the best have known—

Was caught by the vanished hand  
Of an angel, and upward drawn.  
What hope, what comfort, what guidance  
Now, since the stay of my life is gone!

"But a stronger is left to thee,"  
Some comforting whisper said—  
"The arm that shall carry thee safe to him  
When thou crocest the tides of death."

If Christ in His mortal hour  
Had need of the chosen three,  
To watch with Him through the awful  
throes

Of His dread Gethsemane,  
Oh, surely His human heart  
Will pity and understand  
That speechless yearning, too deep for  
words.

For the "touch of the vanished hand!"  
—Margaret Preston in Harper's Bazar.

## TAKEN BY TARTARS.

In 1873 I was sub-lieutenant in the British royal navy, serving on her majesty's gunboat Ticker, commanded by First Lieutenant (now Captain) Charles Napier. We were cruising in Chinese waters, keeping our eyes open for a lot of Tartar pirates, who are the pests of the seas, and are dreaded by all honest trading vessels. We were lying at the mouth of the Ha-Tong, a small river or creek emptying into the Pacific, and Commander Napier had sent me, with a subaltern named Joe Maxted and a launch's crew of twelve men, up the creek to hunt for, and, if possible, destroy the stronghold of a certain Tartar pirate who had recently made himself particularly obnoxious.

We got into the creek, and rowed up about five miles without finding anything or any body and without being molested in any way whatever. Then I thought we had gone far enough; but being young and panting for glory, I determined to reconnoiter a little further inland. So, taking with me Joe Maxted and two men, and giving orders to the men left in charge of the boat that, if we did not return in forty-eight hours, they were to come in search of us, we started upon what was undoubtedly a foolhardy trip.

The whole river bank on either side was a dense jungle for about half a mile, breaking into a belt of pine forest and then into the open. Here and there were narrow cuttings down to the river side—the river was only about eighty feet wide, about the width of a fairly wide street—and occasionally one came upon a tiny village with a clearing and small rice farms. The inhabitants of these villages, we suspected, all took a hand in the piratical excursions which the Ticker was endeavoring to suppress, but on the present occasion it was the head man of a small tribe, which even attacked the village pirates themselves, that we were after.

It was early morning—about 5 o'clock, when we started out upon our excursion. We thought to take advantage of the cool morning air, and, if necessary, rest in the shade during the intense heat of the day. Of course we were well armed. We each carried a Colt's navy revolver, the men had each a rifle and cutlass and I my sword. Being fully aware of the possibility of losing our way and not getting back to the boat, we blazed the trees along our route and cut a fair path through the undergrowth. We also kept a lookout for ambushes, for there was little doubt that our pirate knew perfectly well that we were after him. We were not quite so well acquainted with the country as he, however. We made the discovery too late and to our bitter cost.

After about two hours' cutting and hacking at the dense undergrowth, and having reached the belt of pine trees, I ordered a halt, and we sat down to breakfast. For two of the party it was their last meal. I do not know how it happened, for I had risen to my feet and was about to move forward, expecting the men to follow instantly, when I heard Joe Maxted's voice shouting to me:

"Mr. Martin! Lie down on your face! Flat down, for God's sake!"

It saved my life. I just turned an instant in time to see my poor able-bodied men on their backs, with a dozen arrows in the body of each, and Joe on his face on the ground. The whole world seemed to be alive with the most horribly rigged Tartar villains I ever set eyes on. Some had masks on their faces, and all carried javelins and great swords. Well, I threw up my hands. I couldn't do less.

In an instant we were surrounded, and, leaving the two dead bodies where they lay, we were dragged along until we came to a large clearing about a quarter of a mile away, the existence of which we had never suspected. Here was a sort of village of bamboo huts, little more than an encampment of about eighty or a hundred men. Not one. We were in the hands of the pirates we had come to exterminate. We had not a chance. Our men wouldn't come after us for two days. There was no hope of a release. We might just as well make up our minds to it.

Up to this time we had been so far apart, separated by our guards, that we could not speak to each other or suggest any plans. When we reached the clearing, however, we were brought together, and marched before our most villainous-looking rascal I ever set eyes on—evidently the chief of the band. Joe was filling the air with the most lovely and choice selections from his truly magnificent vocabulary of Billingsgate, and calling upon each and every separate Tartar to let him have the use of his hands and his cutlery and meet him on the beach. "What would they do with us? We were very soon to know."

With a hesitancy we could not understand, the chief signed us to sit down, and presently a great dish of delicious rice was placed before us and we were to have a feast. Our guards, however, were not to be so easily deceived. They had already been ordered to shoot and not even the chief's entreaties could save them.

## SHUNNING THE LEPEERS.

These came bowls of most refreshing, sparkling spring water. What would come next?

We noticed, as we finished our repast, a perfectly hellish grin spread over the features of our host. He made a sign and said something which we, of course, did not understand. Two fellows came up and evidently said all was ready, for at another few words we were seized, made to stand on our feet, our arms bound securely to our sides, our ankles tied together, and we were dragged off. Joe's oaths were a caution. I wish I could print one of them. They would frighten a Bowerly bartender.

Presently we came to a spot where not a tree of any kind formed the slightest protection from the sun's rays, and where at a distance of about six feet apart we saw two large deep holes.

"Now, what are they going to do?" asked Joe.

I had no time to answer, for in a minute we were dumped, feet foremost, one into each hole. Then the beggars began shoveling the sandy soil on top of us.

"They're going to bury us alive!" said Joe.

It was worse than that. That would have killed us too soon. They only buried us to the necks, leaving our heads free, but so securely fixed in the soil that we looked like a couple of living heads on a magician's table. Great God, what horrible conceived tortures was this! While we were being helped there a brute came and with a sharp knife carefully shaved a round patch from the tops of our heads, then smeared some sticky substance thereon. Were they going to set fire to us? Worse even than that!

Do not suppose that all this was done in silence. By no means. A horrible, yelling, jeering, hooting crowd surrounded us, and now they came and threw handfuls of every description at us, spit in our faces and slapped us with flat pieces of bamboo. This went on for a couple of hours, and the sun was beating down upon us with almost unbearable power. Then the flies came in myriads and bit and stung us, and the stench from the filth that had been thrown at us was stifling and inconceivably sickening. Then came a cry from Maxted, which I quickly echoed:

"I'm bursting! If this doesn't stop soon I'll burst!"

The rice and water we had swallowed was swelling, and the weight of the soil creating an enormous resistance, our agony was intense.

"Great God! Why didn't we tell the men to come sooner?"

Then poured forth another volley of oaths and curses from Joe, and the choicest words of encouragement to me a man could think of.

"They'll never obey you, sir; they'll get anxious and come."

His words were prophetic. They were hardly out of his mouth when we heard the heartiest British cheer I ever heard ring through the clearing—then a volley and another from good British rifles, and then the short snapping of the revolvers—and then I fainted.

A week later, lying in my little cabin on the Ticker, I heard how one of the men, angry at not being chosen to make the inland excursions with me, had followed us a short distance through the forest. He had seen the attack and at once scrambled back to the boat. Realizing that ten men would be of little use against so many Tartars, they had rowed down the river right back to the Ticker, reported my capture to Commander Napier, who had come himself with a young brigade to my rescue, with the results you have already read.

Every pirate in that scoundrelous crew was shot or cutlassed in the attack. Not one escaped.—New York Recorder.

## TOIL OF GENIUS.

Words That Live Are the Result of Much Labor.

Hasty work is seldom good work. It is given to few to speak or write at a moment's notice words that will live. The stanza of the poet, the paragraph of the prose writer, where every word seems to find its place by some inevitable law of nature, is in reality the consummate result of an apprenticeship to the most stringent and exacting in the world.

"At length," exclaims Goethe—"at length, after forty years, I have learned to write German." It surprises us to learn how hard even the most original and spontaneous of poets have toiled at their art.

Burns is supposed to have owed less to premeditation than almost any poet, yet we know that he was acquainted with all the great English poets, and that he read them in such a way that no mediocre training could more successfully have set his faculties at work.

Heine has the reputation of being the most spontaneous of lyrical poets; yet it was reported by the other day that one of his songs which had struck everyone as being as unforced as a bird's warble was written and rewritten some half-dozen times. The poet's blurred manuscript revealing the mental struggle that had gone to its production. It may be an inadequate definition of genius to say that it is an "infinite capacity of taking pains." The words, at all events, express the inevitable conditions under which it can alone manifest itself.

## A Gigantic Wooden Statue.

In the Japanese capital there is a gigantic image of a woman, made of wood and plaster, and dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures 54 feet; the head alone, which is reached by a winding staircase in the interior of the figure, being large enough to comfortably hold twenty persons. The figure holds a huge wooden sword in one hand, the blade of the weapon being 27 feet long, and a ball 13 feet in diameter in the other. Internally the model is fitted up with extraordinary anatomical arrangement, which is supposed to represent the different portions of the brain. A fine view of the country is obtained by looking through one of the eyes of the figure. The admission to all parts of the structure is 5 cents.

Japanese tradition says that during the time of the Te-Shomeng rebellion, in 1852, hundreds of cords of wood were piled around it and fired, but that the sacred object itself failed to burn and to even be scorched by the flames.

## SHUNNING THE LEPEERS.

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN TO AVOID CONTAGION.

The Sullary Leper Had to Carry a Bell to Announce His Approach—The Afflicted King Gave Up His Crown.

Leprosy was first known and described in Egypt. During the long residence of the Israelites in that country many of them contracted the disease, and at the exodus carried it with them into the deserts of Northern Arabia. The scarcity of water in the wilderness and the dirty habits of early peoples must have helped to propagate the disease among the wandering tribes of Israel.

Moses, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, knew of no cure for leprosy, but he had a clear idea that cleanliness was the one great preventive to its spread. It is probable that many of the washings which Israelites who obeyed the law were forced to observe had their origin in the desire to keep down leprosy, then the most dread scourge known.

In Palestine and the countries immediately east of it leprosy remained until the dispersion of the Jews in the first century of the Christian era. As the power of the Roman empire declined in the west of Europe a strong tide of emigration from the Levant set in. The plague of leprosy spread with the teaching of Christianity until no country in Europe was free from it. Between the sixth and fifteenth centuries leprosy was by far the most dangerous and infectious disease of which any account has come down to us.

To be a leper was to be an outcast beyond hope of any solace but the grave. All the larger towns in Europe had a place specially set apart for its lepers. This reservation was shunned as if it were the mouth of a burning hell. A boundary line was made, beyond which no leper could venture, except at the risk of instant death. If a healthy stranger unwittingly wandered too near the leper's camp he was remorselessly thrust into it and made to share the lot of those previously afflicted.

Food was furnished to these leper camps by the town authorities. The provisions intended for the use of the lepers were left on some exposed hill, selected for that purpose, during the daytime, and removed by the inmates of the camp at night. No office, no matter how exalted, dared to keep a sufferer from leprosy from uniform ostracism. The king who caught the disease was no better than the beggar; the rich abbot than the poor lay brother; the knight no better than the swineherd. The universal instinct of society was to shun the leper, and the latest discoveries of the nature of leprosy go far to prove that the instinct of society is right.

In the sparsely settled country districts, solitary lepers abounded. Each one wandered about by himself in the unfrequented woods and uninhabited waste places. The rigorous compulsion of the villagers compelled him to wrap himself in a sheet, so that only his eyes were exposed. He must carry a bell in his hand and ring it, to warn wayfarers of his approach. Whenever the dismal tinkling of the leper's bell was heard, the inhabitants fled in terror of their lives. The unfortunate victim supported life as best he might by roots and berries and by the occasional offerings of charitable persons left where he would find them.

At an early period in the history of the Christian church efforts were made to alleviate the sufferings of lepers, says the New York Sun. An order of St. Lazarus was formed as early as A. D. 72, taking the name from Lazarus, the beggar, who ate the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table.

Later on, in the twelfth century, a Military Order of Lazarus was founded by the Knights Hospitallers. When these knights were driven out of Palestine they made France and afterward Sicily their headquarters. Numerous lazarettos were established by them in the principal cities of Europe. For many years the grand master of this order was required to be a leper. In civil law the leper was treated as one dead; his property passed to his heirs, his wife was free to marry again, and on his departure for the lazaretto prayers for the dead were reported over him, and a shovelful of earth was thrown over him to make the ceremony complete.

With the progress of civilization leprosy gradually disappeared from every part of Europe except Norway. Lazarettos gradually fell into disuse, and only the name of leper remained as a by-word to express social and moral contamination.

Leprosy in the Sandwich Islands has attracted much attention through the heroic martyrdom of Father Damien. This young priest went among the lepers there twenty years ago, and in the end caught the disease himself. It was concentrated about his mouth and throat, so disfiguring his appearance that he sadly remarked before his death that a leper settlement was no place for looking-glasses.

Three kinds of leprosy are recognized. In the first variety the whole body becomes white and scaly, without much interference with the general health. This is the true Biblical leprosy, and it is rare nowadays.

The second variety makes the victim insensible to pain in the hands and feet in its earlier stages, and later on in the arms and legs. It is known as anasthetic leprosy. The sufferer from this form of the disease is much troubled with dysentery, and when the disease is advanced his hands and feet are liable to slough off. It was this kind that attacked Father Damien, and he first discovered it by the fact that boiling water spilled on one of his feet did not cause him pain.

The third variety of leprosy is known as the tubercular form. This is the variety which has recently attacked Chin Hop Sing. It is distinguished by horrible swellings of loose skin, which becomes discolored. This is the commonest modern variety of the disease, and the one most repulsive to the on-looker.

## Alphabet.

The Sandwich Islands alphabet has 12 letters: the Burmese 19; Italian 20; Bengali 21; Hebrew, Syrian,

Chaldean, and Samaritan, 22 each; French, 23; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; German, Dutch, and English, 26 each; Spanish and Slavonic, 27 each; Armenian, 28; Persian and Coptic, 29; Georgian, 30; Sanscrit and Japanese, 31; Sanskrit, 32; Sanscrit and Japanese, 33; Ethiopic and Tartarian, 302 each.

## They Forget the Bride.

A curious incident happened at a church wedding in Ulster the other evening. It was a society affair, and at 8 o'clock, the hour appointed for the ceremony, the church was crowded with guests. The minister who was to officiate was there, also the groom, ushers and bridesmaids, but the bride was not.

Ten minutes after 8—twenty minutes after 8, still no bride appeared. The people in the church were growing impatient. Half-past 8, and still no bride. The groom was very anxious. Had her courage failed her at the last moment? Had she ceased to love him and eloped with another man? Had her house burned and she perished in the flames? Had the carriage broken down and injured her?

These were some of the questions that ran through his mind, leaving their impress on his face. Eight thirty-five! The bridesmaids bit their lips, tugged nervously at their ribbons and unconsciously despoiled their bouquets. Was she not coming? Vague rumors ran through the audience and the minister himself, used to sorts of weddings thick as weddings, began to wonder at the absence of the bride.

A council of war was held and it was decided to send another carriage after her post haste. Another! When the facts became known no carriage at all had been sent for her! During all this time the drivers supposed that the ceremony had been in progress. In the excitement the principal factor had been forgotten.

It is needless to say that no time was lost in transporting the bride to the altar, and at 8:45 three quarters of an hour late, the nuptial knot was tied, and the beated bride and the happy groom went on their way rejoicing.

## Some French Industries.

Three of the profitable industries peculiar to Southern France are the distillation of essential oils from wild aromatic plants, the manufacture of preserved fruits by the process of crystallization. The harvesting and distillation of lavender give employment to a large share of the peasant population—men, women and children—and so profuse is the supply that in good seasons the people who gather and sell lavender to the distillers at very low prices are able to earn as much as 80 or 90 cents or even \$1 a day, wages that are considered munificent in that country of scant employment and ill-requited labor. Three hundred pounds of dried lavender plants are required to produce one pound of essential oil.—New York Sun.

## Nitrogen as an Anesthetic.

The use of nitrogen as an anesthetic was recently successfully tried in England. Nine patients partook of the gas, and in every case the result was the production of complete anesthesia. The pulse was first full and throbbing, then feeble. In the advanced stage the respiration was deep and rapid, and there was lividity of the surface, the pupils were dilated, and there was more or less jerky motion of the limbs.

## Straight the Gate and Narrow the Way.

Revivalist—"Young lady, which road will you elect, this night, to follow?"

Young lady (blushingly)—"I'd rather prefer the bridal path."—New York Herald.

## ART AND SAND SCIENCES.

The most recent steel rails have a higher percentage of carbon and the steel produced is harder.

Recent calculations show that the electric force of a bolt of lightning produces an energy of upward of 3,000,000 horse power.

From observations on the transit of Mercury, recently taken at the Lick observatory, the diameter of that planet is given as 2,960 miles.

Essence of cinnamon has been tried as a cure for the snake and is said to have proven even more useful than this eucalyptus in case of malaria.

It has been calculated that the actual amount of salt contained in the ocean would cover an area of 3,000,000 square miles with a layer one mile thick.

The latest improvements in the long-distance telephone are such that it is said to be the probability of their being put into operation between this country and Europe.

The celebrated military balloon works in Paris has produced an aerial "torpedo boat," of which one has been bought by the Russian government. The trials will be secret.

Among recent inventions is an automatic electrical pump. It shuts itself off by a slow-closing switch when the tank is full, and starts again just before the tank becomes empty.

The use of oil to smooth the sea in rough weather has been applied to a life-buoy. Valves are used to gradually releasing the oil gradually and preventing the heavy waves from breaking over the buoy and suffocating the person in it.

The following metals will conduct electricity in the following proportions, viz.: Silver, 100; copper, 96; gold, 73; aluminum, 52; zinc, 36; platinum, 16; iron, 15; nickel, 12; tin, 11; lead, 7. Of the above, copper and iron have the greatest commercial value as electrical conductors.

Many years ago an ocean steamship made only ten or twelve revolutions of the globe, using only five pounds of steam pressure. Valves are used to gradually releasing the oil gradually and preventing the heavy waves from breaking over the buoy and suffocating the person in it.

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Some of the most prominent iron founders are introducing a new and simple practice in order to secure stronger castings. The method in question consists in placing thin sheets of wrought iron in the center of the mold previous to the operation of casting. This method was first resorted to, it appears, in the casting of this place (the origin of casting iron, it being found that a thin iron sheet in the center of a quarter-inch oven plate rendered it practically unbreakable by fire.

## TO GET TO WEST POINT.

FOR BOYS BETWEEN SEVENTEEN AND TWENTY-TWO.

Qualifications, Expenditures, and Expectations of Cadets—Of course the Old Folks are Permitted to Read It.

The appointment of cadets to the United States military academy is a congressional privilege. Each congressional district and each territory, as well as the District of Columbia, is entitled to one cadet at the academy and ten are appointed at large. The president appoints the ten cadets at large and the other cadets are appointed by the secretary of war at the request of the member of congress from the district or territory from which the appointment is made. Unlike some appointments at Washington which are controlled by members of congress, these appointments confer no personal benefit upon the representatives making them. All that the congressman has to gain is in the good will of the friends of the young man to whom he gives the appointment.

The congressman who has a vacancy at the academy to fill notifies the people of his district through the daily papers that he will leave the appointment to be settled by a competitive examination which will be open to young men who are of the proper age and otherwise qualified for the academy. These examinations are of a public character and the community usually takes a great interest in them.

There is no doubt of the admission of a cadet who is thus appointed, says George Grantham Bain, in the Cincinnati Times, unless he should fail in the physical examination. If he stands the test of the competitive, he is undoubtedly able to stand the test of the academical examination, through which he must go before entering the academy.

The qualifications for admittance to the academy are very briefly stated in a circular which the war department has had prepared to send to inquirers; for the secretary is constantly in receipt of letters from anxious young men or their fathers asking for information relative to the appointment of candidates.

"The age for the admission of cadets to the academy," says this circular, "is between 17 and 22 years. Cadets must be unmarried, at least five feet in height, free from any infectious or immoral disorder and, generally, free from any deformity, disorder or infirmity which may render them unfit for military service. They must be well versed in reading, in writing, including orthography; in arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography (particularly of our own country) and of the history of the United States."

Candidates for admission to the academy are advised to undergo a preliminary physical and academical examination before leaving their homes for West Point and the department suggests a series of disorders which are regarded as disqualifications sufficient to insure the applicant's rejection. A synopsis of the academical examination is sent to applicants so that they may form some idea of the course of study which they ought to pursue before applying for examination at West Point.

The expenses of a candidate prior to his admission are only about \$10, but the department warns the appointee to provide himself in advance with the means of returning in case of his rejection. It happens sometimes that over-confident young men come to West Point with the idea of settling down and not bringing enough money with them to pay their expenses home. It is a rather serious matter for a candidate from the Pacific coast to find himself without a commission and lacking money to pay his return expenses. Although there is no provision for it in law, the authorities of the academy will look after him for a time, but over-confidence is likely to place him in a position which will cause him some embarrassment.

If the candidate is admitted he has to provide himself with an outfit which will cost him about \$50. His pay, which commences with his admission to the academy, is \$240 a year, and most of the cadets find this sufficient to support them while in the academy. They are not permitted to receive money or other supplies from parents or from anyone else without the sanction of the superintendent. Their course is of four years, at the end of which time, if they pass the final examinations, they become second lieutenants in the regular army.

## Are Dogs Afraid of Ghosts?

"Perhaps you are not aware," said a young lawyer to the scribe yesterday, "that dogs and horses are as much afraid of ghosts and other uncanny or mysterious things as are the most timid of the human race. I proved it one time on two dogs, at any rate. Not long after the war the negroes were so bad about our place in Kentucky that it was with difficulty that we could keep our belongings on our place. Every other method having failed I finally hit upon the plan of frightening them by appearing before them dressed as a ghost is said to habituate itself."

"Of course, the negroes were successfully frightened away from us, but upon one occasion I also frightened our two watch dogs as badly as any negro ever was frightened by ghostly apparition. The dogs were fierce fellows, and would allow no stranger or strange thing on the place, but one moonlight night they came upon me in spectral attire. The dog that first caught a glimpse of me just jumped up his back until all four of his feet were in the air, and he stood on his hind legs, and he began moving backward, never for an instant taking his eyes off my figure. His companion came up, went through the same movement, and both began cowering cautiously from me. And as long as I could see them they put distance between us in that way. A few moments later I heard them barking at home, half a mile distant. They had taken refuge under the house, and it was four days before we could coax them out again."

Robert Craig of Brighton, N. Y., has had thirteen chickens killed by dogs, and a new old law the city must pay for it.

## A PRESENT OF A COFFIN.

The Birthday Gift in Which Charles Kittelberger Was Borne.

Presented with a coffin on his 49th birthday and buried in it four years later. Such was the experience of Charles Kittelberger, of Philadelphia, who died recently in the German hospital of aneurism of the heart and was buried in the Masonic cemetery on Thursday. The coffin originated in a jest. Kittelberger was making great preparations to celebrate the 49th anniversary of his birth and a host of friends who rejoiced with him was Gottlieb Kirchner, a workman in a coffin factory. One night in the saloon owned by Kittelberger, on the corner of Market and Powell streets, under the Baldwin hotel, Kittelberger, in a joking way, asked Kirchner what his birthday gift was going to be.

"I'll make you a burial casket," was the laughing reply.

The words were received with a shout of mirth by the mutual friends of the men.

"You may do it," replied Kittelberger, "and be sure to make one that will last for years, because I don't intend to die very soon."

That very day Kirchner set about his gruesome task of measuring Kittelberger for his coffin. This was done in the presence of a number of men, who joked about the proceeding, and when it was finished drank to a long life for him who was to receive the gift. Few there were who thought the coffin would really be presented.

On the joyful day, however, Kirchner appeared at the saloon and informed Kittelberger that his present was waiting for him in Halsted's undertaking parlors. Thither went Kittelberger and his friends. Sure enough, there was the casket—a handsome affair of oak with silver handles and plate and satin lined. The company made merry over the gift and during the day drank many a cup to the health of the recipient. The gift of the coffin was referred to many times after that day the reference being generally accompanied with the remark: "Well, Charley, you'll not need it for years to come."

Few of Kittelberger's friends suspected how soon he would be inclosed in that same casket. Only a week before he went to the hospital some of his friends joked about Kirchner's gift. After his death Kittelberger's remains were inclosed in his gift coffin, and in it he was buried.

## Smoke.

A yearly rental is now paid to three or four of the iron works in Scotland for the privilege of collecting the smoke and gases from the blast furnaces. Passage through several miles of wrought iron tubing, gradually diminishing in size from six feet to eighteen inches, cools the gases and condenses a considerable quantity of oil. The smallest of these smoke-saving plants at Glasgow pumps and collects about 60,000,000 feet of furnace gas per day, which yields an average of 25,000 gallons of furnace oil per week. The residual gases are used as fuel for distilling and other purposes, and a considerable supply of sulphate of ammonia is also obtained. The present demand for the oil is small, the chief being for the Lucigen light and for pickling railway sleepers.

## Behind the Times.

It was getting on towards 1 o'clock, and the yawning girl had tried a dozen times to start him.

"Do you believe in what the papers call the 'Early Closing Movement,' Mr. Staley?"

"I can't say I do," was the unabashed reply. "I never take much interest in any of those so-called 'questions of the hour.'"

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

"Where does this milk come from, any?" asked Migges, "Come, I fancy," said Wagg. "That accounts for it," said Migges. "Cows is a famous watering place,"—Harper's Bazar.

"Marin, you've got to take the baby now, I'm tired." "You've only had him an hour, George." "I know that; but I fastened my pedometer on him, and I've trotted him fifty-three miles. That's enough."—Harper's Bazar.

"Is there any trouble brewing in the A. W. & X. railroad?" "Not that I know of. Why do you ask?" "I heard that it was going into liquidation." "Going into liquidation? Quite the contrary. They've just watered the stock fifty per cent and everything is going on swimmingly."—Boston Transcript.

Missouri Traveler—"This is a famous section for feuds, I understand." Native—"No more peaceful parts anywhere than this here. No feuds here. Everything is as pleasant as pie." "But how about the Billington-Wellington feud?" "Over long ago. I'm Billington." "Indeed! I haven't met any of the Wellingtons." "No, nor you won't. The feud is over."—New York Weekly.

## FEMININITIES.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her